

the LINK

September 1973

PRAYERS AT SUMMER'S END

TALMADGE OF GEORGIA

CAN YOU ENSPOIL A CHILD?







THE LINK



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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SEPTEMBER return to our normal routine is welcome, despite the continuing glow of summer attachments — romances, friendships, new vistas, and revived spirits. We cannot remain on the mountaintop, for life is lived mostly in the valleys. We need an ordered life to channel our fresh energies into productive effort. Routine — a little bit accomplished each day on a large task — this is the route by which an education is obtained, the moon is reached, a book is written, a life's

work is accomplished. The most useful life, as well as the mightiest machine, is constructed from millions of tiny bits and pieces. At summer's end we know we neither can nor want to live out of a suitcase indefinitely. This issue of **LINK** welcomes the arrival of autumn as a time of fresh challenge, a time of getting back to work, of being about our Father's business.

Edward I. Swanson
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Labrador's Legendary Dr. Grenfell

The Good Samaritan of the Cold North

By Art Fee

A RADIO message crackled in from a remote northern outpost to Northwest River on Canada's rugged Labrador coast. An Eskimo girl was bleeding internally; her life was fast ebbing away. In keeping with its tradition, within minutes a red ambulance float plane was in the air racing against death.

For two hours the bush pilot bucked the heavy arctic gale, while a young nurse stared down on the bleak coast of a land some said, "God forgot." Then the plane banked between jagged snow-capped peaks and settled down onto Kaipakak Bay. From the huddle of huts clinging to the steep slope, a fishing boat brought out a pale slip of a girl writhing in pain. She was lifted into the plane.

While the pilot took off the nurse

shot a sedative into the girl's arm and described her condition to the mission doctor at Northwest River.

"We'll be ready," came the reply. Ninety minutes later the unconscious girl was wheeled into the operating room at the Grenfell Mission Hospital where blood transfusions and surgery saved her life.

For her and many thousands like her in Labrador and Newfoundland the world-famous Grenfell Mission has been the difference between life and death. The mission was founded by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the heroic doctor of Labrador who gave his life for the region.

WHEN HE first came at the age of 27 he didn't intend to stay long. But what he saw changed his mind. On a thousand-mile stretch

of subarctic tundra he found 5,000 Eskimos, Indians and Whites eking out an existence in abject poverty. In the first house he was called to he found a man dying of TB while his wife and six children looked on in helpless grief. All Grenfell could do was pray. God answered that prayer. For 42 years the doctor made his rounds on that coast, by ship, dog sled, and snowshoes, visiting the sick in sod houses, skin tents, snow igloos, and often operating by the light of a kerosene lantern in a windowless cabin.

Here he earned the title, "The Good Samaritan of Labrador." He lived to see his dream become a reality: a chain of four hospitals, fourteen nursing stations along the Labrador coast — all manned by a trained staff of over 400.

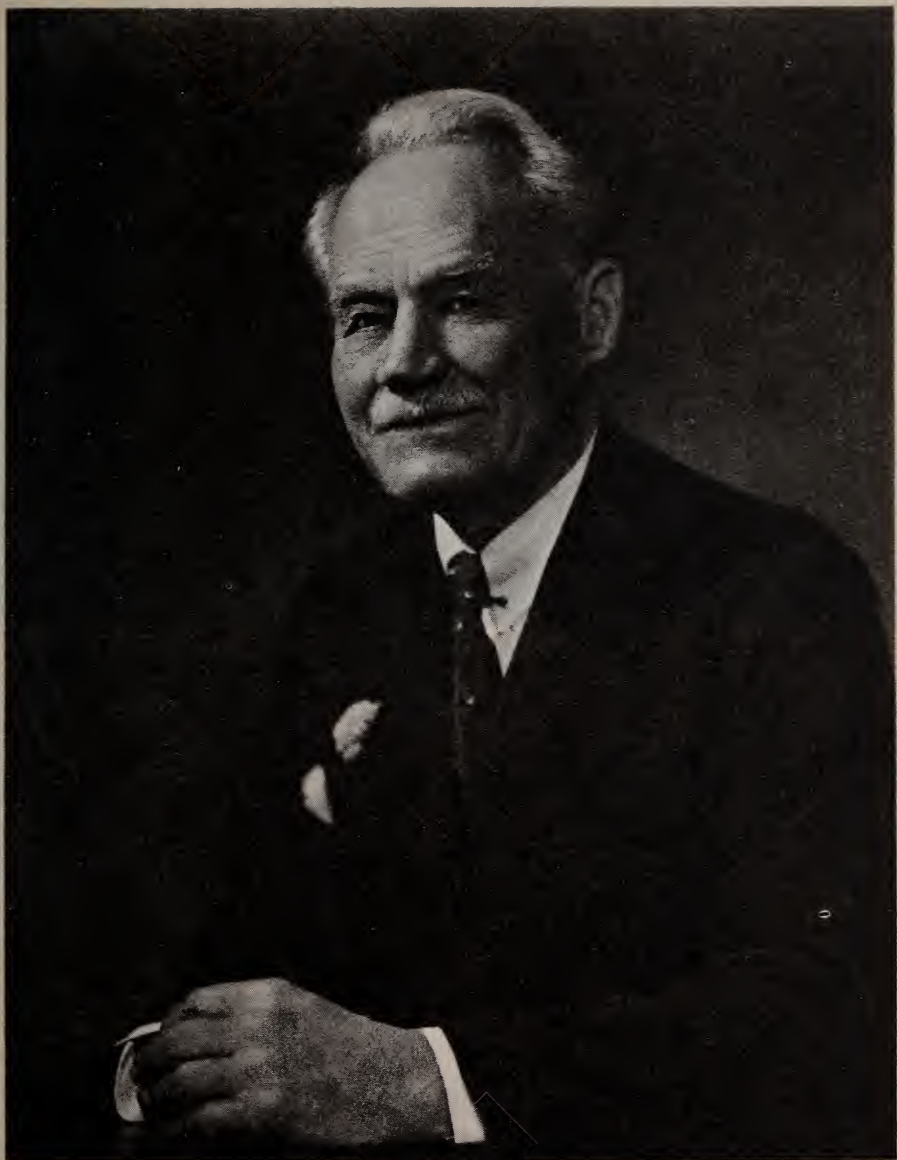
HE WAS born in England, the son of an Anglican clergyman, and was educated at Marlborough and Oxford. He was converted at a Moody and Sankey meeting in London in 1885. From that day his aim in life was to do what he felt Jesus would have him do as a doctor. After graduation from medical school he joined the Royal National Mission of Deep Sea Fishermen. Five years later in 1892 he made his first trip to the Labrador coast. It was on this trip he observed the wretched conditions under which these people lived. Scurvy and rickets were rife, TB killed one adult out of three. One out of three infants died in the first year of life. Every mouthful of food here was won under extreme conditions.

Grain or vegetables would not grow; all cereal food had to be shipped in; there was no livestock or poultry. Seals had to be killed to provide food and clothing, and these were decreasing in number.

Grenfell treated 900 patients during the summer, and that winter in St. Johns, the capital of Newfoundland, he roused the citizens with tales of destitute people — of little girls whose only dress was an old leg of her father's trousers cut down; of a native who killed himself and three of his younger children so his wife and two oldest sons would have enough food to survive till spring. He told of the need for hospitals and medical help. The Newfoundlanders accepted the challenge and donated a building. He went to England and continued his lectures, raising money and summoning the people to the great need.

When he returned in the spring he had medical supplies, two other doctors, and two registered nurses. They opened a small, 16-bed hospital at Battle Harbor on an island in the Strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Labrador. Here they delivered babies, pulled teeth, broke and reset crooked bones, and treated everything from chicken pox to cancer. The team treated 2500 patients that summer.

To make his dream of a chain of hospitals up the coast a reality he needed a stout ocean-going hospital ship. While lecturing in Montreal he met the famous Canadian Railway tycoon, Lord Strathcona. Strathcona donated a sturdy, steam powered, ocean-going vessel which



Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell (1865-1940), was a giant in medicine, a committed Christian layman who dedicated his immense energy and healing gifts to the Eskimos of Labrador among whom he labored for 42 years.



Sod house and all, these Greenland Eskimos enjoy better health than did their parents — largely because of the work of Dr. Grenfell.

Grenfell christened "Strathcona the First." With this boat the doctor patrolled the entire Labrador coast and around into Hudson's Bay. These are some of the most difficult waters in the seven seas to navigate; then a lot of that coast was uncharted, and he was always in danger from icebergs and drifting ice fields. When someone needed help the doctor was prone to disregard danger.

THE MOTTO he lived by was, "When someone needs help, nothing else counts — get there!" More than once this motto almost cost him his life. It was on Easter

Sunday, 1908, that word was brought to him that a boy was seriously ill on Brent Island. Grenfell refused to wait and started off with his team of seven dogs. He disregarded the warning of the fishermen not to cross the bay because the ice had been rotted by warm weather. But in an effort to save the boy's life he took a chance. When he was halfway across, the rotted ice gave way and the doctor, seven dogs, and the sled sank into the freezing water. Grenfell had the presence of mind to cut the dogs loose. Half paralyzed, he managed to hold the traces while five of his dogs pulled him to a small ice pan



By dog-sled across snow-covered, mountainous terrain such as this, Dr. Grenfell made gruelling journeys to bring medical assistance.

(a small chunk of ice floating a few feet above the waves). His boots were full of water, every stitch of his clothing was soaked; the weather had turned extremely cold, and his garments were freezing fast. (In this area there is an annual temperature variation of 130 degrees.)

This incident gives us some idea of the caliber of the man, his physical condition, knowledge of the arctic, his quick thinking and cool action in time of emergency. In water of this temperature a man can survive only a few minutes. Here seconds counted for hours. Grenfell did the only thing that could possibly have saved his life. He loved

dogs, but here he killed and skinned three of his faithful animals, piled their carcasses up for a windbreak and wrapped their bloody fur around him. Then he held the two largest dogs close to his body for warmth. Here, with his back against the windbreak, he spent the night, and when dawn began to break he took off his shirt, tied it to a frozen leg from one of the dogs he killed, and waved it.

This is what George Reed saw that morning through his telescope as he was searching the area for seals. Within minutes five of the best oarsmen in Newfoundland shoved their boat into the churning

sea and headed for the lone man on the ice pan. They did not recognize him at first; his face had turned an ashen grey. He had aged years in hours. When their boat touched the ice, all the doctor could say was, "Sorry to trouble you, brothers."

IT WAS a year later on a voyage from England that Grenfell met Miss MacClanahan, a beautiful socialite who once turned down an invitation to hear him speak because she felt he would be too dull. Before the ship docked in New York they were engaged, and then married a few days later in Chicago. They moved north to St. Anthony which became headquarters for the mission. His wife proved to be a very capable mate. She busied herself with improving several mission projects which needed her touch; then she set out in earnest to make her husband world-famous. She took care of his itinerary and saw to it that he traveled in comfort and mingled with the elite and the wealthy.

Grenfell felt the root cause of sickness, malnutrition and poverty in Labrador was the "Trucking Plan," which was similar to the old feudal system. By this scheme the fisherman's whole catch of fish and fur would be turned over to the trader in exchange for provisions. In poor seasons the supplies would be advanced to the fisherman to be paid for by a future catch. Thus, a debt was incurred which would often be passed on from father to son. Grenfell put a stop to this by organizing cooperative stores. He

would sell their furs on the outside market and often get the trappers three times what the traders would give them.

The doctor strove to keep these people from being entirely dependent on fish and furs. In a timbered area he built a saw mill and started cottage industries for the handicapped. He introduced reindeer and goats, and the latter proved to be a great asset. They could live on the same food as the deer and did not require herders; in addition the goats gave much-needed, nutritious milk. Besides hospitals, he built chapels, schools, shops, and recruited the help to man them.

TO SUPPORT the doctor's growing mission, his admirers in the United States, Canada, and the British Empire formed the International Grenfell Association. Their prime fund raiser was the doctor himself. People said he could wring money from anyone's pocket book. While he was on a train to Boston he noticed a woman wearing a huge diamond. Grenfell introduced himself and told her of his work. "What a waste an expensive ornament like that is when there are so many children starving in Labrador," he announced. The embarrassed woman removed her ring and handed it to him.

"No one can eat a diamond, but I will accept its value in money," he answered and got \$2,500 from her.

Grenfell's dedication inspired thousands. In the summer many outstanding doctors would journey to



No baby sitters for the Eskimos! These little ones go everywhere with mother. Infant mortality was lowered through Dr. Grenfell's efforts.

Labrador and donate their services freely. College students by the hundreds volunteered; "Wops" and "Wopesses" they were called, "Workers Without Pay." These young people did the manual labor, and Grenfell saw that they were all gainfully employed.

The children of these humble fishermen who received their schooling at the mission soon found wider horizons. Many studied abroad on Grenfell scholarships and came back as ministers, teachers, nurses, and engineers and became leaders among their people. In fact, when the 80-bed hospital was built at St. Anthony in 1927, one of the mission's first orphans who had graduated from an engineering school in

New York directed the project.

One of the high days in the doctor's life came when he was called to Buckingham Palace to be knighted by King George V. After the ceremony Grenfell said, "I hope the tag will not be a barrier between me and my people."

The long hours, the many miles, his constant appointments with danger and the three score and ten years began to take their toll; but he kept on making speeches, raising money, and writing books — more than twenty. In 1937 at the age of 72 he resigned as superintendent of the mission. "I'm too old to drive dogs now," he said — there was nothing the doctor enjoyed more than driving dogs. The next year

his wife died; he took her ashes to St. Anthony. On this trip he took the wheel of the hospital ship for the last time, crossed over to Labrador, and made his final rounds. Now there were four hospitals, fourteen nursing stations and a staff of 400. The scourges of TB, infant mortality, and malnutrition were drastically reduced now. There was help for the blind and the handicapped; the sick were well cared for; the homeless had homes; there were mills, shops, stores, churches and schools.

THE MORNING he left St. Anthony the whole village turned out to say their last goodbye. In October of 1940 at his home by Lake Champlain Dr. Grenfell died, leaving to posterity one of the finest of all examples of heroic Christian witness.

The ashes of Sir Wilfred Grenfell are buried with those of his wife on a high ridge overlooking St. Anthony where the new, large,

ultra-modern 180-bed hospital now stands.

In 1949 Newfoundland and Labrador joined the Canadian confederation. The population has now grown to 30,000. Grenfell's work is still carried on; the mission plays an active part in providing medical aid to this vast area. It still operates the well-equipped hospital ship "Strathcona III," five hospitals, thirteen nursing stations, four public health outposts, two children's dormitories, and one center for the handicapped. The project is directed by Dr. G. W. Thomas and 29 other doctors, plus a professional medical staff of over 200. Now hospitals, stations, and distant outposts are all connected by a powerful two-way radio. The mission is largely financed by the government which in conjunction with the mission operates a flying ambulance service that brings patients in from the most remote areas of Labrador, Quebec, and Newfoundland.

Rhapsurdities

If lady-slippers danced a waltz
Then church mice would have dough.
If dandelions would learn to roar
Then trumpet vines would blow.

If sighing winds let out a groan
And katy-dids would do
No one would ever whip poor will
Owls would say "whom" not "who".

If fox gloves could be worn to church
And gathered phlox, they'd see
That poets need never grow old
But live in poet trees.

—Dorothy I. Liermark

Can You Unspoil a Child?



Can We Rectify Past Mistakes?

By Stanley Jacobs

A VISITOR from one of the newly-emergent African nations — in the United States for post-graduate study at the University of California — was asked by a San Francisco matron, “What has most impressed you about America?”

She sat back happily, expecting encomiums about our super-highways, skyscrapers, our abundance of automobiles, and other symbols of the age of affluence. But the lady was jolted when the young African replied: “It’s your spoiled children. Not just the little ones; boys and girls of all ages. I watch them drive their sports cars, eat in expensive restaurants, spend money on the best clothes, and play at the beaches with

their surfboards and motorboats. The sight of their troubled, unhappy faces makes me sad. Isn’t there something you people can do to unspoil your young before it is too late?”

The next day his question was echoed in a dozen households: Is it possible to *unspoil* our children? After years of giving them luxuries and being permissive about almost everything, can we now rectify past mistakes, for their sakes and ours?

Absurd Parental Behavior

It is never easy to alter human behavior. But it is a necessary, if thankless, task at times. A spate of child counselors, psychiatrists, edu-

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cators, club leaders and other experts, both legitimate ones and the self-appointed kind, have for several decades now turned parenthood into an absurdly competitive sport.

We have vied with each other to give our children the best of everything. Our own concern with status symbols has infected too many of our boys and girls. Usually, parents who inadvertently spoil their children are of the compulsive kind, feverishly wanting to live in the newest home, own the most gadgets and appliances, drive the latest car, and to belong to the "in" club. And then they complain when kids expect all this as their due.

Two years ago, a Philadelphia couple won society page prominence because they gave their 18-year-old daughter a Thunderbird with mink-covered seats upon her graduation from a select private school. This year the girl flunked out of college, though she has a high intelligence quotient and previously had found school work easy. When asked why she had failed, she replied glumly, "What's there to study for? I've got everything I want. It's all such a bore. Besides, I had a fight with my boy friend and we're breaking up."

Within months the girl developed a serious peptic ulcer. As her doctor put it: "Betsy, though 20, is still a child. She had never heard the word 'No' spoken in earnest until her boy friend said it. He didn't want to go with her any longer; he'd found a girl he liked better. Like a child of two or three, Betsy couldn't accept his 'No' as the final answer. She couldn't storm, cry, stamp her feet,

or mark up the walls, so she brooded and has an ulcer, which often afflicts persons who expect too much of life."

Is it possible to "unspoil" a young woman like Betsy? It is, but the older a person is, the more difficult it becomes to undo the harmful effects of years of indulgence, "smother" love, and selfishness.

Infants Require Affection — But . . .

Babies are hard to spoil. Though a few experts have a Spartan outlook and warn, "Don't rush to the crib every time baby cries!", usually the infant whose needs are promptly satisfied becomes less demanding, happier, and better-natured, as well as self-reliant at an earlier age. It is the baby who, for one reason or another, *doesn't* get enough attention in his first year, becomes more vociferous in his demands, jealous of brothers and sisters, and less tolerant of frustration in childhood and in his teens.

By holding, rocking and hugging the baby, you are not spoiling him — you are being kind, reassuring and dependable. In this physical way you inform the infant that you will protect him against injury, fear and loneliness. Generally, such a child becomes an unspoiled, self-reliant, generous adult.

This kind of infant — though some may consider him "spoiled" — usually will become the unspoiled person, paradoxical though it sounds. Conversely, the baby whose deepest emotional needs are *not* met may grow into a demanding youth, who, deep in his heart,

carries a dread that his demands on life will be rejected. To such an insecure individual, being "spoiled" is a way of testing relatives and friends who claim to love him. The reassurance he lacked in infancy he now tries to capture by arrogance, wheedling, tears, and threats.

Once beyond babyhood, a child can be spoiled by a continuance or intensification of the earlier attention and solicitude bestowed on him. Parents who do not encourage a child to assume some responsibilities such as household chores are asking for trouble later on.

Unfortunately, the word "no" either is *over-worked* in some families or is *never uttered* in others. Loving a child does not mean meeting his every whim. The longer parents postpone the time when they can say "No" and make it stick, the less willing will the child be to follow orders, accept limitations, and face up to responsibilities in future years.

Let us assume that there is a spoiled child in your family. Whether the boy or girl is six or sixteen, the task of changing a self-centered, willful nature into a co-operative personality will not be easy. But it is necessary, both for the child and for the sake of other family members, chiefly long-suffering parents.

A Case History — Benevolent Neglect

How to begin the campaign to defuse the unreasonable, demanding, self-oriented boy or girl? One cue is offered by the Will Martin family of Tulsa, Oklahoma, which

had a dual problem: a selfish twelve-year-old son, and an equally spoiled fourteen-year-old daughter. Let Mrs. Martin tell the story:

"We finally decided that the 'togetherness' concept was being ridiculously overworked in our household. It had become so bad that each morning our children ordered what they wanted for dinner that night. Invariably, the menu was their choice, not ours.

"If we went to a movie together, it was the kids who picked the show. Our TV set was switched to whatever program *they* wanted to view. If we asked to see a cultural or educational program, we received bitter looks or pitying smiles.

"The music from our hi-fi set always was *their* selection: rock-n-roll, surfing tunes, and other irritating noise. The first break in our intolerable routine came last summer when we were planning our vacation. In previous years, our kids always had wheedled or pouted until we went where *they* wanted to go. This time, we announced that *we* had picked a quiet lakeside hotel. If they wanted to come along, they would be welcome. If not, they could stay home for two weeks."

The Martin youngsters huffily elected to stay home. Comments Will Martin in a pleased tone: "They didn't think we would leave without them. But we did. To our surprise, they kept the house clean, watered the lawn, fed the dog and seemed genuinely glad to see us upon our return."

Thereafter, the parents went out more and more with friends of their

own age. They began going to church meetings, to the theater, and to concerts and plays by themselves.

"The silken tie of togetherness had become an iron chain in our family," Rose Martin says today. "Our job was to weaken it, not to sever it. Too much involvement with us had put our kids in the driver's seat. They thought we were dependent on *them*. Now things are changing for the better: they are more independent, less demanding, and even show some consideration for us."

Some Suggestions

To undo the harm done by spoiling a child, it is necessary to stay with a decision. This does not mean you should not change your mind if new facts or circumstances warrant it. But you should take time, make a reasonable decision, then stick to it. Not only does firmness avert arguments, it assures your child that you are strong and fair-minded. Children need parental authority that will make decisive verdicts.

Don't explain too much! A young child's attention span is brief — as little as ten seconds at age 5. Lengthy explanations invite resistance and arguments. Merely say, for example: "No, you cannot cross the street by yourself. There are too many cars; you must wait for us."

Avoid a clash of wills. Argumentation weakens your position and encourages your child to dispute future decisions you will make. Almost all children — even badly spoiled ones — respect determination in an adult. If your directions

have been explicit, expect them to be followed.

Offer an alternative — if there is one. Maxine, age 13, wanted an advance on her allowance so she could attend a rock concert. Her father said: "I have to wait for my paycheck, and usually you must wait until your allowance is due. I don't approve of getting trapped in a crush of hysterical youngsters at a rock event. But I will advance your allowance if you use it to buy that long-playing symphony album you have wanted. The music will then be enjoyed by all of us for a long time to come."

This was a compromise which satisfied Maxine and her parents. The symphonic album would be a shared experience, to be savored at any time; it had permanence.

Don't be afraid to show sympathy. Make it possible for even a spoiled child to accept your "No!" with understanding. A youngster's wants are here and now, not tomorrow: the future has little meaning.

You can say, "I'm sorry, it would be fun to go on the ski excursion for three days. But you didn't save your allowance the past three months, and we can't afford to give you \$50 for the trip. We have a household budget, and every dollar has its function. Perhaps next year you can save for the trip and enjoy it."

Thus, you have preserved your authority, but have displayed sympathy and encouragement by pointing the way toward enjoyment of a future ski outing. In short, you have shown you are not a parent who

says "No" for the sake of saying "No." Older children will respond to logic and sympathy; you have demonstrated both.

Don't Push Too Hard

Inordinate parental insistence that children succeed brilliantly in school can result in the "spoiling syndrome," as one family guidance counselor termed it. He told me:

"The youth who is pushed hard so his family can boast of his scholastic and athletic triumphs frequently becomes selfish and callous and develops a bargaining attitude toward his parents. In effect, he says, 'I know you want me to shine so that you can bask in my reflected glory. Okay, I'll excel if you get me the things I want. You must indulge me, because in a sense I'm giving certain luxuries to you: the chance to boast to your friends that I'm a Big Man on Campus, that I saved the football team, that I go with the sons of millionaires in my frat, and that, unquestionably, a big corporation will hire me at a fine salary the day I graduate from this Ivy League school which you couldn't afford for me in the first place.'"

One important step in unspoiling such a teen-ager is to become less entranced by his successes. Make him realize that though his achievements will benefit himself and perhaps society, you do not stand to profit from his efforts. Be interested, but avoid total involvement with his career. Above all, do not give rewards for what is expected as a matter of course. The parents who give cash or expensive presents for good grades make it that much harder to change the child later on.

Lastly, save some time for your own relaxation and interests. The mother who boasts that she devotes "every waking minute of the day to my children" is a target for trouble. Any adult who lavishes disproportionate attention on a child is giving the youngster a self-centered outlook which will be hard to alter later in life.

You can start today with the unspoiling process in your own household. It may lead to arguments, tears, and recriminations, but these will evaporate. Junior, in time, will be happier himself — once he knows who's really in the driver's seat. Try it! He'll like it!

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Prov. 23:13, 22:6, 29:15; 1 Cor. 13:11.

1. Do you think that *most* young Americans are spoiled? They may be affluent, but does this necessarily mean decadence? It has been argued that discipline and freedom must coexist in a creative tension for a person's greatest well-being. Do you agree?
2. Might it be possible that American propensities to spoil children, if they exist, go back to the immigrant dream that "my child must have more opportunities than I had"?

"A Kid

Gets Lonesome!"

By Marguerite R. Frazier

BRADFORD Hinds slammed into the kitchen and called, "Could we have supper a little early? I want to practice basketball afterwards."

Mrs. Stevens, the plump housekeeper, looked up from the potatoes she was peeling. "Oh, no, you don't! Your father phoned. As soon as you hang up your jacket and take your books to your room, I'll tell you what he said."

Brad frowned. He gathered up the offending items and carried them to his room.

When he returned, he said, crossly, "I'll bet he talked about my homework, or of his next trip to some outlandish place. That's all he ever talks about when he comes home!"

Brad began chewing rapidly on a slice of raw potato.

Mrs. Stevens tried to hide a smile. "He is coming home this evening. Said he hopes to find you working on your Holland Dutch. He said you are very lucky to be attending a private school that teaches several foreign languages."

"Lucky!" exclaimed Brad. "The French I studied in grade school and the Spanish I fought all last year didn't bring me any luck! Now I'm bogged down in this hard, old Holland Dutch. What luck does it bring me? I study as hard as I can to please Dad; but he makes me feel like a pipsqueak. He goes gallivanting off to foreign countries and doesn't seem to realize that a kid gets lonesome!"

"Maybe he's lonesome, himself," observed Mrs. Stevens. "As you get older he will be more of a pal,

probably. Would you like to travel with him?"

"I should say not!" exploded Brad. "He would go off to buy bulbs and I wouldn't know a soul. At least, I have school friends here. I wish he would stay at home and go to games and things with me like the other boys' fathers. We could all speak English. That would save me a lot of trouble."

Mrs. Stevens shook her head sadly. "You two do illustrate the generation gap. Even in looks you are exact opposites."

"Yeah! *He's* tall and muscular with sharp, blue eyes, a mop of auburn waves for hair, and a mind like a mouse trap. Even I can see why I am called 'Shrimp' at school. I feel like a dummy."

He got a book and began to study. Mr. Hinds came in and commented, "Glad to find you at home for once, and studying!"

"Now, Dad!" replied the boy. "I'm not the one who is often away on the other side of the world! I am always here where everybody speaks English. So why do you keep me busy boning up on these weird foreign languages? The kids at school all know that I don't have a mother. If you don't stick around to go to the big game with me next week, they may begin to think I don't even have a father!"

"I guess I deserved that," Mr. Hinds said. "Yes, Brad, I will go to the game with you. I will be here until school closes."

"School closes in two weeks," Brad said. "Then where will you go?"

"I must go to Holland to buy flowers, bulbs, and such things. I wondered if you would like to go with me?"

"What would I do in Holland?" asked Brad. "Sit around and count the windmills? I find it hard enough to make friends here in Springfield, USA, where I can speak the language, at least."

Mr. Hinds explained, "You would find friends waiting for you in The Netherlands. My cousin, Hannah, married a Hollander. They have a son, Fritz, about your age. They live on a farm near Aalsmeer, where the big auction center for hot house flowers is located. They have invited us to visit them."

"I had forgotten about them," Brad sighed. "Anyway, the few Dutch words I know might sound like French to them!"

Mr. Hinds laughed. "Oh, come now! You can probably name three or four words right off the top of your head."

Brad grinned. "Klompfen means wooden shoes. Polder means drained land. Their Kermis is like our carnivals."

"Don't worry. Fritz speaks some English. Between us, we may soon have you talking Dutch in your sleep."

Brad said, "Okay. You go to the game with me and I'll promise to go to Holland with you." He thought, "I doubt if either of us will enjoy ourselves," but he didn't say that aloud.

Mrs. Stevens was glad when the day of departure came because she planned to go to Kansas City by



bus to visit her sister. She remarked to Brad, "I hope there will not be any trouble on your flight."

BRAD was glad that his sophomore year of high school had ended, and he felt excited about the trip. That plane looked mighty big and shaky to him. He had never been on one before. He wondered how his dad felt, as he stood there with his hands in his pockets and looking as cool as a summer breeze.

He said, "You must be brave, to fly all around the world. Do you think this plane will run into trouble?"

"I'm not brave. I'm just used to flying. Planes do not often run into trouble but most anything can hap-

pen." Then, glancing at his watch, he added, "It's only fifteen minutes until take-off."

Brad felt as restless as a spring colt. He prowled around observing the other passengers. Two swarthy individuals puzzled him. They spoke in some foreign tongue in a tone so low that he could hardly hear what they said, except that he thought they repeated the word "Cuba" several times.

He drifted back to his father's side. "What gives with those two?" he asked. "I thought they were talking about Cuba."

Mr. Hinds said, "They may be drunk. You watch our luggage and I'll investigate."

He had no more than turned

away when Brad called, "Wait, Dad! Look under that plane. Water seems to be leaking out. No wonder, after so much revving of the motors."

"That is gasoline, Brad. One of the motors is leaking. I'll run into the office and tell them."

Presently the loudspeaker blared, "Please be patient. This plane must be grounded. Another one will arrive soon to pick you up."

Brad noticed that the two men who seemed to be drunk were talking more loudly now. They seemed to be very angry.

Mr. Hinds came back and told Brad: "Their language is Spanish. I understand every word. You keep cool, keep *still* and watch the luggage. I must make a phone call."

Brad wondered who on earth his father could be calling now.

A few minutes later he guessed it must have been the police. Two of them sauntered in, grabbed and frisked the swarthy ones. They found a loaded gun and a big, pointed knife. They led the men away, still protesting loudly, and drunkenly that they wanted to go to Cuba on that plane.

"Whew!" ejaculated Brad. "Saved by a leaky motor!"

Mr. Hinds replied, "I'd say we were saved from a crash and a high-jacking all by one bright-eyed boy! It pays to take you along."

"My part was only luck; but I am glad you know Spanish."

Brad was almost in the mood to go back home, but his father said, "Our troubles are behind us now. We will enjoy the ride on that new

plane just now landing to pick us up."

Brad felt as though he had wheels in his head and butterflies in his stomach. Otherwise there was no trouble until they were almost to the Netherlands airport. Then they ran into stormy weather. Lightning flashed. Thunder crashed. Rain poured. The plane rattled and bounced. Clouds were so heavy that Brad could not see below or beside the plane. He wished that he had stayed at home.

A few minutes later, they zoomed through the last of the clouds and landed at a modern airport.

F RITZ and his father, Claus, were there to meet them; leaning on their bicycles, they wore sloppy hats and baggy pants.

"We rented extra bicycles for you two, since you have luggage to carry," Claus explained.

Brad was trying not to smile at the costumes of the others, when Fritz said, "You Americans wear such funny clothes. Nobody over here dresses that way."

Brad thought, "Now that's a switch. Here we are in our plain blue suits."

They met three couples riding bicycles side by side, with arms entwined. Brad exclaimed, "Look, Dad!"

Fritz asked, "What's wrong with that? People do it all the time."

Brad, having spent his life in town, felt a bit uneasy when Fritz opened the pasture gate and explained, "We will go through here. It's shorter. Our Frisian cattle will

not hurt you. Don't be afraid!"

Brad was not so sure when one of the animals began to bellow and paw the earth. He pedaled so fast that the bicycle upset and threw him off.

Dad grabbed him and raced for the gate. Fritz and Claus soon drove the cattle away.

Brad shook himself and said, "Thanks Dad. You saved my life."

Mr. Hinds said, "You saved mine, earlier. Besides, I didn't want to miss our supper."

"How did Brad save your life?" asked Fritz.

"We'll talk about that after supper," promised Brad.

They came to a steep roofed cottage. Round-faced cousin Hannah, in her long, full dress with white apron and cap, all nicely starched, welcomed them warmly.

At supper, she said, "Ve haf beef tonight. Tomorrow, ve haf either herring or oysters."

By the time Brad and his dad had eaten three kinds of cheese, two kinds of dessert, several vegetables, beef, warm, fresh bread, Brad declared, "I feel like a balloon."

Fritz took Brad to see a game of soccer. Brad felt confused and amused at all of the Dutch yelling until it dawned on him that Fritz would probably laugh at an American football game.

The boys went to a kermis. When Brad heard Fritz buying rides with guilders, he said, "In our country, we use dollars, quarters, dimes and nickles."

Fritz shook his head. "That kind of system doesn't make much sense,

does it? Guilders are much better!"

On Sunday, the cousins took Brad and his father to church. Brad watched the guilders pile up in the offering plate. He recognized some of the hymn tunes as those he often heard in his home church.

Later, he commented, "That preacher really talked hard, but I couldn't understand a word he said."

Dad smiled. "I could. He used the text, 'Everybody needs a Saviour,' and preached from John 3:16."

"You miss a lot of interesting things by not knowing our language better," declared Fritz. "Wait until we go to the flower auction tomorrow. That auctioneer talks so fast that I can't even keep up with him."

Afterward, Fritz exclaimed, "What will your dad do with so many bulbs? He must have ordered a ton!"

Brad explained, "He buys bulbs, flowers and plants for wholesale dealers back in the United States."

"If you will help me hoe the tomatoes tomorrow morning, I will get the bicycles and we will take the afternoon off. I want to show you some flower gardens and grinding mills."

As they rode, Brad said, "I never saw so many flowers in my whole life. No wonder Dad comes over here to buy bulbs and flowers."

"I notice that he speaks several languages. Is there anything he doesn't know?" asked Fritz.

"Yes, He can't swim. That is one thing I can do that he can't. I don't know if he can roller skate or not. I do that right well, if I do say so."

Fritz laughed. "Is that so? We will



go down to the rink and show you some Dutch competition." (Brad thought, "Fritz is such a big, husky fellow that he can probably out-skate everybody.")

THE rink was crowded. Fritz pointed to a pretty, blonde girl in a white cap and a full skirt. "That is Gretchen. She is a friend of mine. She can out-skate you, I'm sure!"

"I doubt that! I've won a few skating contests myself."

"Follow me, Brad." Fritz smiled.

They walked over to where the girl stood. "Gretchen, this is Bradford Hinds, a distant cousin of mine. I want you to race him around the rink about three times."

"What shall I do if he beats me?" asked the girl.

"You will have to kiss me, in that case," said Fritz.

She blushed and said, "Holy horrors! Not that!"

"Onto your skates," yelled Fritz. "Get set and go!"

Onlookers began clapping. Gretchen lagged behind for the first lap. They ran a close tie the second time around. She far outdistanced Brad on the third lap.

He finished, red-faced and breathless; but he shook her hand and said "Congratulations!" which Fritz translated for her.

Two days before they planned to start home, Mr. Hinds said, "I'd like to walk along the canal and see how

they manage this drainage business.”

Claus and the boys all spoke at once, “We will go too.”

Hannah cautioned, “Do be careful. The ground is soft along the canal.”

Claus said, “Don’t worry, Hannah! You always porrow trouble.”

The boys were delighted when Claus suggested that they go up on a dyke. “You can see farther from there,” he explained.

It was from here that Brad’s father stepped too far back while counting near-by windmills and fell into the water. He gave a startled yell. His head disappeared.

Brad shucked off his shoes and coat. “Dad can’t swim!”

Fritz joined him. Both boys dived into the cold water. With one on each side they soon rescued Mr. Hinds. He came up sputtering. “You look like wet sponges; but *thanks*, boys!”

Claus said, “Ve vill go home for dry clothes. Hannah vill say, ‘I told you to be careful.’”

The trip back was pleasant, but uneventful.

Brad told Mrs. Stevens, “This past two weeks has been the happiest time of my life. Now I am ready to dig into any foreign language Dad suggests, so that I can travel with him more often.”

Brad was thrilled through and through, when he overheard his dad telling Mrs. Stevens, “Brad is the best travel companion a man ever had! I intend to learn to swim so that I can spend more time with him when I am here in town, too.”

Mrs. Stevens said, “It seems funny

that you two had to cross the ocean and have all of those adventures before you could close that generation gap.” Mr. Hinds and Brad smiled and nodded.

Daily Bible Readings Good News for the Troubled

DAY BOOK CHAPTER

1	Ephesians	6:11-18
	James	4:7

In Body

2 Sunday	Job	1:6-22
3	Job	34:22-34
4	Job	42:1-10
5	Isaiah	42:1-9
6	Lamentations	3:22-36
7	Job	9:1-9
8	James	5:13-20

In Mind

9 Sunday	Psalm	34:1-10
10	Psalm	39:1-13
11	Psalm	42:1-11
12	Psalm	73:21-28
13	Psalm	19:14
	Isaiah	26:3-4
14	2 Corinthians	10:1-5
15	2 Timothy	1:7-14

In Being Overwhelmed

16 Sunday	Psalm	130:1-8
17	Psalm	138:1-8
18	Psalm	139:1-24
19	Luke	18:1-8
20	2 Corinthians	1:3-12
21	Hebrews	12:3-15
22	1 Peter	4:12-19

In Changing Times

23 Sunday	Psalm	102:16-28
24	Psalm	103:8-22
25	1 Corinthians	1:1-10
26	1 Corinthians	10:1-13
27	Hebrews	1:1-14
28	Hebrews	6:1-10
29	Hebrews	9:1-14
30 Sunday	Deuteronomy	28:1-14

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The Fireman's Senator

By Harold Helfer

WHAT is the most hazardous profession in the United States? Being a policeman? An oil well digger? An airplane pilot?

No, the most dangerous job in this country is being a fireman.

The authority for this statement is a U.S. Senator — Charles McC. Mathias, Jr. of Maryland.

Senator Mathias says that 210 firemen were killed and 38,583 injured in line of duty last year. That means that there were 115 deaths per 100,000 men — and no other profession, the Senator says, has so high a fatality ratio.

The Maryland legislator means to do something about it. He has begun a one-man crusade in Congress to make this nation safer from fires. He has in mind not only its fire fighters, but the general populace

as well. More than 12,000 Americans lost their lives in fires last year.

The Maryland Senator has some specific things he wants to do. They include:

- Creating a National Fire Academy to serve as a center for fire research and education.

- Providing financial assistance to local fire departments so they can purchase new fire fighting equipment.

- Extending the provisions of the Flammable Fabrics Act to construction materials used in the interiors of homes, offices and other places where people gather.

"Fire, primitive man's best friend, is fast becoming modern man's worst enemy," says the Senator. "For six consecutive years, more than 12,000 men, women and children have died



Senator Mathias gathers data on the "fire ground" to buttress his case.

in this country because of fire. Hundreds of thousands more have been injured."

The Senator also has this to say: "Fire fighters and their officers are dissatisfied with much of the equipment they have to use. Masks are clumsy, heavy and cumbersome. They carry a limited oxygen supply and can become a foe rather than a friend to someone who needs a few more seconds of air to escape from the deadly fumes of a fire fed by

modern toxic fabrics and materials.

"The nation's space program," he goes on to point out, "has made technological advances in the development of lightweight equipment and flameproof materials to protect our astronauts. But so far this paraphernalia, which has been carried to the moon, has not been employed to lighten the load a fire fighter must carry into a burning building here on earth. The clothes that could protect him — even save his life — are still hanging in a closet at NASA rather than in the nation's firehouses."

And the Senator adds: "Many of the nation's 1,200,000 firemen use turnout coats which the National Bureau of Standards has found unacceptable under the flammability standards for children."

The Senator from Maryland says that unless something is done about all this, things are likely to grow worse, both for the fire fighters and the general population. He says that high-rise buildings, for instance, can no longer be considered fire-proof because modern furniture fabrics and other material in use produce heavy smoke and toxic gases, and stairwells, elevator shafts and mail chutes "vent smoke like the flues of a chimney." Elevators which people living in high-rise buildings would seek to use to escape from a conflagration can become inoperable during fires and wind up being death traps.

Senator Mathias not only wants to see to it that equipment now in being, such as NASA fireproof paraphernalia, is made available now,



Senator Charles McC. Mathias, Jr. gets first-hand information from an officer of the Baltimore Fire Department.



An Army fire fighting helicopter scoops up water from a lake.

but also that continuous research be undertaken to lessen fire hazards everywhere, and to make the fireman's task when he does have to tackle a conflagration, a safer, more efficient one. Also, the Senator wants to make sure that information about the latest fire fighting techniques is disseminated quickly among fire departments all over the nation. For instance, the Army has developed a technique for fire fight-

ing which involves a helicopter's scooping up water from a lake in a 500-gallon bucket and then flying over the fire and dousing it with this water. It is a method which might well be feasible for a number of areas — if it were known.

The Maryland Senator means to see to it that fire becomes strictly a good friend once more, man's servant, not his master. Smoke-eaters have a friend on Capitol Hill.

WHEN YOU are young, you don't need much of anything. You can be poor and never know as long as you have some time to yourself. The only things that really frighten kids are change and uncertainty. —M. Andretti

A Parable Up-Dated

The

Magic

Telescope

By Robert B. Ward

ON A MOUNTAIN overlooking a broad valley sat a telescope mounted on a pivot. It was much like a telescope you might find on the observation deck of the Empire State Building or at the landing on top of Lookout Mountain. You could put a dime in the telescope and use it for five minutes. In this it was like other pay telescopes. However there was something different about it; you see, this telescope was magic. It had the ability to magnify two dimensions, one spiritual and the other physical. Not only did it enlarge what the viewer gazed upon, it also enlarged what was in the viewer's mind. Do not wise men say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder? So here. If the user of the

magic telescope had beauty in his eye he could see beautiful things. If he had an evil eye, he saw large amounts of evil.

The Four Travelers

One day four travelers climbed the mountain. The first was a very proper and important man. His black cloak was soiled around the edges, but the wearer knew that a man of his propriety must be seen in proper attire. He gazed at the second traveler — a businessman, no doubt. The first motioned the second forward. He wanted to gain that good feeling which came from standing aside and allowing another to go first.

The businessman was reaching for

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the telescope when a boy and an old man came puffing up the mountain. The old man was ragged; he carried a shepherd's crook which at once gave him an identity. The boy was just another boy, breathless, and restless, and in a plaid shirt. Like all boys, this one was anxious to do something; right now, looking through the telescope was what he wanted to do. The businessman, remembering his impatience as a child, and pampering the impatience of adulthood which doesn't like to be interrupted, allowed the youth the opportunity to look first. The old shepherd sat down, and the proper man smiled because he could show deference to two or three people instead of one.

The boy looked over the valley. He sighted some players in a ball game. It was a keen ball park. He saw some cars parked by a golf course, some children on a picnic and a sports coupe in a car dealer's yard. Once more his vision returned to the ball park. He adjusted the telescope to get a better view. As he watched, the batter sent the ball flying over the fence on the far side of the park.

"Wow!" the lad said. "I've got to go."

He pushed the telescope aside and ran down the mountain, although there was still viewing time left on the telescope.

The Businessman

The businessman took the next turn. He hoped that the others had not noticed that there was some time already on the machine. He

would have seven and a half minutes in the place of five. He would get his money's worth, and that was important. The viewer's eye traveled over the gentle hills and fields. The ball park was near a crossroad. He adjusted the lens to see what kind of uniforms would look best on the players. Suits for the two teams would come to \$300 — hardly worth the trouble. He adjusted the lens again, and the park became black with pavement and a shopping center stood where the fence had been. People were walking along the shopping mall with full bags of merchandise.

"This is a great eye piece," the man said.

He turned toward the meadow where a family picnicked. The magic of the telescope enlarged the picnic basket to a restaurant and the restaurant to a building ten stories high. The businessman was counting the office windows when the telescope went off with a click.

The proper man had waited patiently. He was always patient, especially when he was giving up some of his valuable time. The businessman didn't say, "Thank you," but that was the way with the world. The professionally kind man started to offer the shepherd the next view but the old man was dozing. It would be kinder to allow him to sleep.

Not Like the World?

The man gazed through the telescope. He saw a beautiful countryside marred by evil people. Had they been as thoughtful as he, they



wouldn't be crowding one another aside in their efforts to get into the ball park. Were they as proper as the viewer, they wouldn't be indulging in a party. What looked like a coke bottle must surely be something worse. He adjusted the lens, and, sure enough, he saw what the bottle really was!

Out on the golf course there were two players — a male and a female. Upon closer examination the viewer noted that the female was wearing a wedding ring and the man was not. You know what this could mean! (People are constantly falling into sinful ways!) At the car lot there was more evil. Under the fender of the third car was a spot

of rust. No doubt something the dealer would try to hide. After a sigh the proper man let the telescope down.

"It makes me sad to see the world like it is," he murmured.

A smile played on his lips because he was not like the world. He looked toward the shepherd and was surprised to find that the man was awake. The righteous one shrugged his shoulders and left. One can't do good to all people at all times.

The Shepherd

The shepherd walked slowly to the telescope. He looked through it and seemed unsatisfied. He wiped the lens and looked again. His vision

was still hazy. He took off his old spectacles, cleaned them, and went back to the telescope. This time he nodded. He would have to remember that things look better when you clean your own glasses.

The old man could see children playing in the fields below. He saw people on the golf course getting exercise and sunshine. He turned the magic dial on the telescope and the view changed. In place of children he saw lambs frolicking in the sunshine. In place of golfers he saw sheep grazing in the pasture. One of them, he noted, was further away than the rest. He would have to see that it was brought back to a safer spot.

Down near the foot of the mountain the shepherd saw three sheep moving toward the valley. The first

was little more than a lamb. He was making a straight pathway to the other lambs frolicking in the meadow. The second sheep was an ambitious ram. The shepherd thought it would be well to keep an eye on him. Ambitious rams often get into trouble. Sometimes they leave the flock to nurse their bruises, and they wander away. The viewer turned the telescope toward the place he had last seen the third sheep, but the third sheep had disappeared.

The shepherd searched the lower mountain slope. He saw the faintest sign of sheep tracks beside a deep ravine. The old man dropped his hands from the telescope although there was more viewing time on it. A sheep was lost and the shepherd had to get to him immediately.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Matt. 10:6, 12:11, 15:24; Lk. 15:4 ff, 20:46.

1. Persons may be unique, but they are classifiable into identifiable, continuing types. What types of persons are sketched in this parable?
2. What does the author mean by a "professionally kind" person?
3. Why do teachers often treat students as though they were what they are in the process of becoming?
4. How is circumstance sometimes the equivalent of a spiritual telescope?

Do Something More

IT IS NOT ENOUGH merely to exist. It's not enough to say, "I'm earning enough to live and to support my family. I do my work well. I'm a good father. I'm a good husband. I'm a good churchgoer." That's all very well. *But you must do something more.* Seek always to do some good, somewhere. Every man has to seek in his own way to make his own self more noble and to realize his own true worth. You must give some time to your fellowman.

—Albert Schweitzer

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Talmadge of Georgia

By Caspar Nannes

ANYONE without religious conviction is like a ship at sea in a storm without a rudder. There is no source of guidance."

This is the carefully considered judgment of Senator Herman Eugene Talmadge, Democrat of Georgia.

Talmadge asserted that no matter what a person does he has to have a source of stability.

"That source in my book must be religious faith. Without it you are not a human being. The greatest well of inspiration to me in trying to determine difficult decisions is the Golden Rule — 'All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them.'"

The Georgia Senator recalled that when he was governor the most dif-

ficult decision he had to make was whether or not to defer an execution.

"You are dealing with human life. After reaching a decision I could erase it from my mind without any torment. I could not have done it unless I felt I had reached the decision in accordance with my religious faith. If I did not have religious faith it would have tormented me to death. I have a deep faith in God and once I reached a decision, it gave me no problems."

THE HIGHLY regarded solon never intended to pursue a political career, even though he had managed two of his famous father's victorious campaigns for governor of Georgia.

When Talmadge returned to his

state after serving in the Navy during World War II, he found that his father, Eugene Talmadge, was running for governor for a fourth time. He was elected, but before he could take office, the senior Talmadge died and the Georgia General Assembly by a vote of 161-87 chose his son to succeed him.

However, there was opposition. Opponents carried the issue to the Georgia Supreme Court which ruled that the legislature had acted contrary to the state constitution. After serving 67 days in the office, Talmadge was out, and a new election was called.

"That decision got my dander up," the Senator recalled. "I decided to take the issue to the people, for in my mind the court of last resort was the people."

He won the governorship in his own right by winning the 1948 Democratic Primary in September. After completing his father's unexpired term Talmadge was elected to a full term as governor in 1950, and served until 1955.

IT WAS while he was governor that Talmadge, a Baptist, had his most memorable religious experience.

"Billy Graham held his first campaign in Atlanta not long after I was elected to my fall term as governor. We kicked off the drive in the executive mansion, and I went regularly to the evangelistic meetings."

Talmadge later took Graham down to his farm about twenty-five miles from Atlanta, and spent a great deal of time talking with him.

Another memorable experience having religious overtones occurred during the Okinawa campaign. Talmadge took part in bringing in reinforcements after the landing at Buckner Bay.

"One time my fog generators caught fire and I did not get back to my bunk for three days and nights. As soon as our group got back we held a religious service, and it was the best attended one we ever had. I found that this happened after every dangerous mission."

Towards the end of Talmadge's term as governor the venerable Walter F. George announced he would not run for reelection to the United States Senate because of age. Talmadge decided to try for the office and won the September 1956 Democratic primary overwhelmingly, and the general election without opposition. Since then he has been re-elected twice, in 1962 and 1968. His present term expires in January 1975.

Upon coming to Washington as a senator in 1957, the University of Georgia law graduate (1936) soon met Senators John Stennis of Mississippi and Willis Robertson of Virginia.

"They told me about the Senate Prayer Breakfast Group and invited me to join. I did so and have been attending the weekly meetings regularly ever since. We have an average attendance of 12 to 15 Senators each week. I would say about 20 per cent of the Senators attend regularly, which I think is pretty good evidence of the deep religious conviction in the United States Senate."

MANY OF the numerous landmark bills Talmadge has sponsored have their origins in his religious convictions. In 1970 he was the author of a bill to substantially expand and improve the National School Lunch Program. The Talmadge bill, considered major legislation in the effort to combat hunger and malnutrition, did significantly enlarge existing school lunch programs and made them available in areas where none had previously operated. It was the first important anti-hunger measure to emerge from Congress.

In the previous year, 1969, the Georgia Senator had introduced the first significant Food Stamp Bill, and the law as finally adopted contains many features of his original proposals.

Mindful of Biblical teachings to help the poor and needy, Talmadge has strongly supported measures aimed at increasing welfare benefits for the aged, disabled, blind, and unfortunate children. But on the problems of unemployment, poor housing and poverty, he contends "The best solutions and the most important solutions to the social and economic problems facing the country can be found in education, job training, retraining, in the creation of more jobs, and in more people who are ready, willing and able to fill these jobs."

Pragmatic as well as idealistic, the Georgia Senator believes everyone should take part in local and regional politics but not everyone should run for office.

"No man should go into a politi-

cal career unless he is sure that he and his family are provided for. The odds against victory in running for public office are great, and making a career of it is the most hazardous venture a person could undertake."

Still, there is a consoling aspect: "In public life as elsewhere one finds the good and the bad. The biggest satisfaction you get out of public service is that you have done a good job the best you know how."

Despite his many years in political life, the 60-year-old native of Telfair County, Georgia, has many other interests. Before enlisting in the Navy eight months prior to Pearl Harbor, he practiced law in Atlanta with his father. A leading member of the debating team at the University of Georgia for five years, Talmadge is in great demand today as a public speaker. He has also appeared on such national television programs as "Meet the Press," "Face the Nation," and "Issues and Answers."

THE SENATOR is a successful businessman and farmer, operating farms at Lovejoy and Forsyth in Georgia and having a large plant for processing "Talmadge Ham" at the latter.

He belongs to the Baptist Church at Hampton, Georgia, and frequently speaks there. But his ecumenical concern is revealed in his addressing congregations of other denominations about twelve times a year.

Fishing, hunting and walking in the woods on his farm at Lovejoy are Talmadge's chief hobbies. He

(Continued on page 49)

The Diminishing Value of a College Degree

By L. Perry Wilbur

A COLLEGE degree used to guarantee its holder a job — not just any old job, either, but a respectable position with a good future. Many June graduates in recent years have been unable to find half-way decent jobs, though in 1973 this trend has eased somewhat. Those without funds for graduate school are growing increasingly perplexed about their future.

A national sampling taken in fourteen major cities shows several problems recent graduates are facing. At every point they're finding it harder to get choice positions than graduates of earlier years. In many cases, they're settling for jobs that are really beneath their abilities.

The reduction of student aid funds has kept many from entering graduate school this fall. Those having the money are frequently enrolled in graduate school because they can't find jobs and salaries to their liking.

Of those competing in the job market, accounting majors are doing the best and education majors the worst.

"We've come to the end of a long, long road for the notion that a college education guarantees a good job," declares Vernon Wallace, Placement Director at San Francisco State College in California. Many June graduates are taking any job they can get. Students with Master's degrees are clerking in department

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stores. One business management major from a California college has gone back to his precollege job — driving a truck. A young lady with a Master's in French from the Sorbonne took a receptionist's job in a Los Angeles office.

"The best university that can be recommended to a man of ideas is the gauntlet of the mob," said Emerson. Apparently, this is the fate of many graduates.

Some have deliberately decided to enter various vocations which earlier graduates would have considered as beneath them. Harvard grads are doing auto repair work and driving taxis. Of course, there's no way of knowing how long they will continue in such work.

Teacher Surplus

Those trying to enter the teaching field are really feeling the crunch. Schools of education have kept increasing the number of their graduates at a time when elementary and secondary school enrollments are leveling off. The demand for teachers is definitely on the way down. The College Placement Council in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, calls the teaching field "the toughest job

market in years." The number of job recruiters visiting campuses is declining, and employers have told the Council that they plan to hire 26 percent fewer graduates than in 1970.

Is An A.B. Too Unspecific?

Even liberal arts majors have been caught in the squeeze. Employers are telling them they need a specific skill. A broad education does not seem to be in demand in today's job market.

There is a paradox in this situation. Young people have heard for years how important an education is. They have gotten their degrees, often at considerable sacrifice. Then they can't find jobs which measure up to the abilities they've already proved they have. No wonder many grow disillusioned.

Perhaps an improvement in the economy will change this somewhat dreary forecast for the better. However, parents should give serious thought to urging their college age sons and daughters to seek a specific trade or skill. The emphasis now is upon specialization. A few years from now, it may swing back to a broad, liberal arts education.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Lk. 2:46 ff; John 7:14-16; 2 Tim. 3:1-7.

1. How would you define education? What do you look for in an "educated" person?
2. What is the relationship between ideas and education? Are ideas important in vocational training as well as in liberal arts?
3. What subject or subjects are important no matter what kind of work one does?
4. What are some sources of wisdom?

A Weariness With Her Own World

Someone *Has* to Care!

By Edith Koller

LOIS ARNOLD climbed the steps to her second floor apartment much more slowly than a twenty-five year old woman should. It was not physical fatigue that made her ascent so slow; it was a weariness with her own world. And the painful realization that next Saturday would mark a year since her father's death. It was a death which had brought such a drastic change into her own life — an established social life, a circle of congenial friends — not her own friends primarily, but her father's, and over them she had presided as hostess. Her own mother had died years ago. Lois had never reached out for friends of her own because her life in the charming old house had been active enough to suit her. With her father's death it had all ended. The charming old

house had only been rented, after all. Lois had to give it up, move to this three room apartment, and get an office job. She visited her father's friends and invited them for dinner when she could afford it, but things were not the same. She was constantly torn between a longing for the old life while trying, unhappily, to adjust to the new. In this doleful mood she approached her apartment door.

"Hi." It was the dirty, little blonde girl who, it seemed to Lois, was always hanging around the halls. She was almost always barefooted so she could sneak up behind Lois, speak suddenly, and scare her half out of her wits. Lois couldn't stand her; she was always dirty, her hair uncombed as it was now, and she was nosy.

She rubbed the toes of her right foot over her left instep as she watched Lois unlock her door. "My mother's sick," she announced in her loud voice. "Jim sent me out because I'm too noisy."

"Uh, huh," Lois answered crossly, "well, run along and play. You're too noisy for me too." "These people who didn't take care of their kids," she thought, "just let them run and bother everyone else."

The girl peeked in the door as Lois unlocked it and entered.

"Oh, how pretty," she said.

Lois snapped the door shut on her "pretty." Nosy little thing. Lois went into the bedroom to change her clothes.

When she emerged a few minutes later, she was horrified to see the little girl standing on the couch and peering at one of Lois' treasured original paintings on the wall.

"Here," Lois yelled, "what are you doing with your dirty feet on my couch? Get off there right now!"

Frightened at Lois' tone, the little girl jumped down from the couch and scampered toward the open door. She almost collided with a tall blond boy who, Lois knew, was her brother. He grabbed her by the arm.

"Tanya," he said, "I've been hunting all over for you. Now, listen, I've got to take Mom to the hospital right now. Miss Arnold," he looked pleadingly at Lois, "can Tanya stay with you until I get back? My dad works nights, and I haven't been able to get in touch with him yet. I've got to get Mom in right away."

"Me?" Lois was aghast. "I've

never taken care of a child in my life!"

"Please, Miss Arnold. There's no one else around to do it. I've already checked." He turned back to Tanya. "If you give her any trouble, I'll switch you when I get home." He looked at Lois again. "Please, Miss Arnold, I can't very well take her with me. You've just got to!"

"All right," Lois answered reluctantly.

"Thanks a lot," he said and rushed off down the hall.

Lois tried to conceal her anger as she closed the door.

"Your name is Tanya, is it? What's your brother's name?"

"Jim." Tanya kept her head down as she answered.

"How old are you, Tanya?"

"Five."

"Five, huh. Then you're old enough to wash your face. Go into the bathroom and wash your face and hands and comb your hair while I fix us something to eat." Lois spoke coldly.

TANYA RAN toward the bathroom. Lois could hear the water running as she busied herself in the kitchen, warming a can of clam chowder, mixing a salad. The water stopped running, and soon Tanya emerged from the bathroom. Lois looked at her.

"That's a terrible wash job," she said. "Don't you know how to wash?"

Tanya had washed only the center of her face so that, while her nose and cheeks were shiny, the rest of her face was still unwashed. Her

palms were washed, but not the rest of her hands. She had combed the top of her hair where the combing was easy, but the ends were still as snarled as they had been before.

"Come here and look at yourself in the mirror," Lois said. Tanya followed her into the bedroom. "Now look," Lois snapped, "see where you left off washing? Part of your face is still dirty. The same is true of your hands. See? You didn't wash the backs of your hands. Go back and do it again and use the washcloth!"

Lois ignored her hair. She didn't want to get her hands in that mess. Tanya looked better after her second attempt, but still not quite clean.

"That's a little better," Lois said, "now sit down and eat."

"What's that?" Tanya asked, pointing to the chowder.

"Clam chowder."

Tanya tasted it and made a face. "I don't like it."

Lois was exasperated. "Tanya," she said, "when we eat at someone else's home, we don't say we don't like the food. That's not polite!"

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"P'lite. What's that?"

Lois hesitated. "It means courteous." Seeing Tanya's look of confusion, she went on, "It means kind. Being nice to other people so we don't hurt their feelings. If we don't like their food, we eat it anyway and don't say we don't like it."

"Oh." Tanya picked up her spoon and began to eat. She slurped the liquid.

"And we don't slurp!" Lois almost shouted. "We eat our food quietly, like this." Lois demonstrated. "See?"

A little awed, Tanya nodded. She didn't slurp, but she chewed with her mouth open.

"Close your mouth when you chew," Lois ordered. "You make too much noise otherwise."

Tanya swallowed. "Is that p'lite too?" she asked.

"Yes," Lois answered abruptly. She was too upset to eat her own food. What had possessed her to agree to take care of this ignorant child? She rose and walked over to the window.

"Ain'tcha going to eat?" Tanya asked.

"I'm not hungry."

"I don't want to eat either," Tanya said as she slipped off her chair.

"Here," Lois said sharply, "you've got to finish eating. Get back on that chair."

"How come?" Tanya asked. "Is that not p'lite too? How come you don't have to be p'lite too? Don't you have to be p'lite to yourself? You don't like me, do ya?"

Lois turned slowly and stared at Tanya. She tried to think of an answer. "All right. Let's both sit down and eat."

Lois ate slowly, forcing the food down. She was vaguely aware of Tanya's efforts not to slurp, to chew with her mouth closed. She was plainly preoccupied.

When they had finished eating, Lois said tiredly, "Go into the other room and play while I do the dishes, but don't get your feet on the couch."

LOIS PILED the dirty dishes in the sink, and ran very hot water on them. If Tanya's mother was sick, there was no telling what kind of germs the girl carried. Better to be careful.

The doorbell rang, and Lois went to answer it. It was Tom Mason, formerly her father's oldest friend.

"Why, Tom," Lois said delightedly, "how good to see you. Come in."

"Can't stay but a minute, Lois. I've got to get to a meeting. Just thought I'd stop by to see what time you wanted to go to the cemetery Saturday. You are going, aren't you?"

"Of course." Lois felt subdued. "I thought I'd leave about ten in the morning."

"Fine. I'll stop to pick you up. Thought you might like the company. Who's that?" Tom was looking behind Lois.

Lois turned and gave a shriek of dismay. "Tanya, what have you been into?"

It was obvious Tanya had been into Lois' makeup. She had big blobs of face cream on her cheeks and in her hair, lipstick smeared across her chin, and she smelled strongly of cologne.

"You naughty girl! You've been in my makeup! I could paddle you! Now get in that bathroom and wash your face!"

Tanya looked scared and hurried off to the bathroom.

Lois was furious and embarrassed. "She's a neighbor's child," she explained to Tom. "Her mother's sick and I'm watching her until her brother comes home. At least, I hope

it's no longer than that."

Tom chuckled. "She reminds me of you when you were that age."

"Me!" Lois was shocked. "I hope I was never like that one!"

"You were probably worse. You were a real mischief, always getting into things. None of the neighbors could stand you. Of course, there was a reason for it. Your mother was sick so long, and your dad just let you run. Until the day of the funeral. He couldn't find you anywhere, and when he did find you, you were trying to burn the house down. I guess it hit him then that he hadn't done right by you. He made up for it, though. He was a good daddy to you, Lois. You're a lucky girl. Well, I've got to go. See you Saturday."

Lois closed the door slowly. She didn't believe Tom's story about herself; she couldn't imagine that she'd ever been a dirty little girl like Tanya.

Crash! There was the sudden sound of shattering glass. Tanya! What was she up to now?

She was in the bedroom, staring down at the broken bottle of cologne.

"What are you doing in here?" Lois yelled. "I told you to get in that bathroom and wash your face."

"I was just trying to see in the mirror," Tanya wailed. She had a wadded up washcloth in her hand. "You're not p'lite to me."

"Now you've spilled all my best cologne and made a mess for me to clean up! Come on." Lois pulled Tanya into the bathroom and washed her face, none too gently, clean of the makeup. "Now, then,

I'm going to give you a pencil and some paper, and you can draw pictures while I clean up the mess."

Lois took Tanya out to the kitchen and seated her at the table. "Now you stay right here and draw while I clean up the broken glass."

It was a chore trying to get up the glass without getting splinters in her hands, and it took Lois longer than she had thought it would. Now to do the dishes. And she was so tired.

LOIS RETURNED to the kitchen. It was empty. "Tanya," she called, "Tanya, where are you?" There was no answer.

Lois hurried to the living room. The door was wide open.

"Tanya," she called out into the hall. Now where had the little vixen gone? Oh, maybe back to her own apartment. Lois walked up to it and tried the door. Locked. There was an empty feeling about the hall, no sounds coming from the apartments as there sometimes was. Only street noises coming in from outside. The street! Lois grew panicky. Had Tanya gone out into the street alone at night? She hurried down the steps and outside. Oh, heavens, where could she be? It had never occurred to Lois that Tanya might go outside. Supposing something happened to her? Lois remembered reading terrible newspaper accounts of awful things happening to little girls. What would Tanya's family say to Lois then? She thought too of the story Tom had told her about herself as a girl, how she had set fire to the house. And suddenly she

knew the story was true. And she knew why.

"Tanya," she called fearfully as she ran.

Then Lois saw her at the end of the block, watching in fascinated wonder the two drunks who had just emerged from the tavern. Lois stopped calling and ran. She was suddenly afraid that if Tanya heard her, she might run away from her instead of toward her. One of the drunks was bending down toward Tanya, and Lois was terrified. Some of the men who wandered about these days, she thought, weren't —. She didn't finish the thought; she ran faster. One of the men was just starting to pick up Tanya when Lois arrived and grabbed Tanya away from him into the safety of her own arms.

"You keep your hands off her," Lois yelled at the drunk. He just looked stupidly surprised.

Lois hugged Tanya closely to her as she trudged slowly back to the apartment house.

Tanya finally looked at Lois curiously. "You do like me, don'tcha? You're hugging me."

"Yes," Lois answered quietly, "I do like you, Tanya." "I'd better try anyway," she thought. "Someone has to. If my own father hadn't cared, I might have been another Tanya. This is something I can do for him."

After they arrived at the apartment, Lois bathed Tanya, gently this time, and shampooed her hair. She was holding Tanya on her lap and drying it when the phone rang.

"Miss Arnold?" It was Jim. "How's

(Continued on page 49)



"But It's Still a Prison"

"Big Mike"

(This article is in two parts, the second of which will appear next month.)

By Richard Bauman

WOULD you believe that a person could spend twenty-five years in prison and never have committed a crime? — and never even had a trial, either? At least one person has, Father Michael Cooney, or "Big Mike," as the prisoners affectionately refer to him when he is not around. This 57-year-old priest has served as chaplain at the California Institute for Men at Chino for nearly a quarter of a century. He has in fact been there longer than many of the 1500 inmates have been *alive*.

When Father Cooney agreed to be a prison chaplain he had no idea he'd have such a long term. "I came here on April first, 1948," and then laughingly adds — "on April fool's

day!" He was supposed to stay one short year, but that one year blended into another and then another. He says, "The Bishop forgot where I was." Now he hopes to be at Chino for a long time to come. "After all, I wouldn't know how to act in a parish now."

It isn't a comfortable job. "They began testing me, as they always will with a new fish." He wasn't too sure he was going to last that one year. "But gradually, I began to realize that those fellows were human beings like anyone else." He also perceived that they were asking for help in the only way they knew how.

The prison is spacious and lacks

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the gloomy, grey, stone walls traditionally associated with such places. Instead, miles of tall, chain-link fences topped with barbed-wire stretch around the several-thousand-acre facility. Inside there are trees, grass, and places for the inmates to sit and talk freely. There are no cell blocks, and the place is almost pleasant. "But it's still a prison," Father Cooney reminded me, "and no matter how comfortable, the men still can't go beyond that fence."

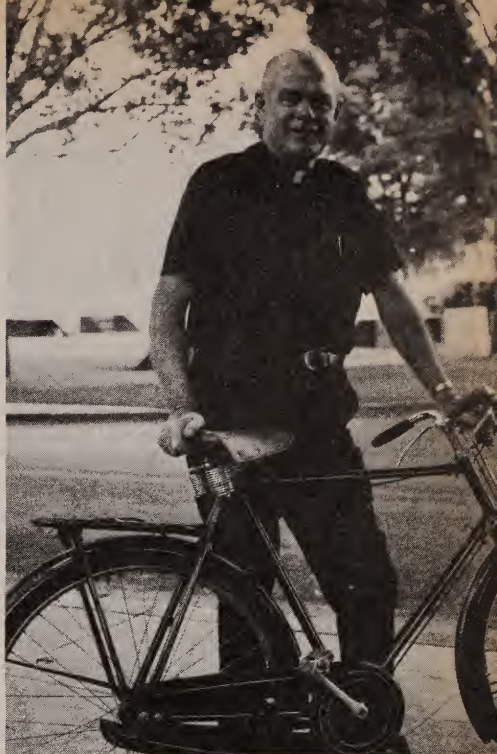
The Chaplain's Job

What's a chaplain's job really like? It is probably more totally involved with the prisoners than any other job in the institution. He meets new arrivals within their first 48 hours on the grounds, and he's one of the last to say "good-bye" when they walk out the gates. He learns about their background, religious training, and "anything else they want to talk about."

Their beliefs aren't overly important to him. He'll talk to the most devout Catholic or the most ardent atheist, it doesn't matter. However, he only talks at length if they want to.

He doesn't call a prisoner into his office and say, "I'm Father Cooney." He pointed out: "The office and desk are 'establishment' and thus are barriers to communication." Instead, he uses up a lot of shoe leather walking the grounds, chatting with the men, and *then* offering help — if they want it. Only *after* they have confidence in him will he invite them to come in and talk at length.

Father Cooney can be like an



Fr. Cooney with his "Irish Cadillac." The bike has been at the prison as long as he has. He covers miles.

oasis in the desert to a prisoner. He is one of the few inside a prison who can really give a prisoner sound, reliable direction. He can offer spiritual assistance, but, more importantly, he is constantly trying to help them just keep their morale up. "The toughest thing is to keep them from getting bitter." He went on to describe how prisoners see people "with connections" walking around breathing free air after having committed some crime, "while they see part of their own life being taken away for lesser crimes."

Stereotypes

Father Cooney may resemble the Pat O'Brien stereotype of chaplain, but only slightly. When it comes to the hardened inmate, he has no illusions about "if I could only reach him." He does try, and occasionally he has succeeded, but not very often.

The chaplain is usually thought of as one who can bring the prisoner back to God and help him realize that he was wrong and must now pay for his error, but Father Cooney says, "If I tried that approach I'd be the loneliest guy in the prison."

Instead, as a prisoner is nearing the time when he is to go before the parole board, the priest writes a report on the man if there is anything significant he thinks the board should know. "His attendance at Mass or other religious services has very little to do with my report. Even his attitude about God means very little." If going to church or praying or becoming a Catholic were significant, the chapel would be bursting at the seams.

Another illusion about a prison chaplain's job which he is quick to erase is the notion that it carries some special influence with the Warden, or that because of his unique closeness to the men the Warden will ask him for help with a certain inmate. "It rarely works that way." He went on to point out, "I have a good relationship with the Superintendent and other prison employees, but we each have our own jobs. And in his own way each is there to help the prisoner make it on the outside."

Some men leave Chino, and — frustratingly for everyone — within a short time they are back within its fences. "The ones you really had confidence in and hoped would make it are disappointing." But he doesn't give up on them. "You have to start over and see where they tripped and try to help them again."

An Occasional Success

Happily, many of those who leave, never come into conflict with the law again. "One guy, Joe G_____ has never missed a month without writing me a letter or phoning me since his release. That was over eleven years ago."

Father Cooney had been instrumental in Joe's being granted a parole. "He was diagnosed as having a tendency to violence, but I thought he just hated being in prison." Father Cooney 'reached him' by having an argument with the man.

"He wanted to make a phone call, and I didn't think he needed to make that call." Joe said something not printable here to the priest. "And I said back to him 'the same to you and all your friends in Texas!' I didn't know it, but he was from Texas." Joe didn't know what to do, so he laughed, and then they talked and to some degree worked out his problem. "Not all in one meeting, but that was the opening. You never know when you'll reach someone." With a positive report from Father Cooney, Joe was granted parole. He has never forgotten.

At other times Father Cooney has

been able to bring a prisoner's family around to re-accepting him. They often feel wronged because the man is in prison. He tries to show them that they are doing the inmate and themselves more harm than good.

How does he view prisoners after working with them for a third of a lifetime? "They're human beings,

too. They haven't grown horns since they've come here." He has seen all kinds of men come through the Chino prison, and he can sum up his dealings and efforts with them in a few words: "We're not here to make converts, but to help them get their lives straightened out as best we can." And that's what he's tried to do.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Is. 49:9; Matt. 25:36; Lk. 3:20; Eph. 3:1.

1. Have you ever visited or otherwise been inside a prison? What was it like? Why doesn't a penitentiary make its inhabitants penitent?
2. How can society protect itself and at the same time treat prisoners as persons? What rights, if any, do or should prisoners have?
3. Why is the rehabilitation of prisoners so difficult? Why are there so few successes? What influence can a Fr. Cooney have?

TALMADGE OF GEORGIA

(Continued from page 37)

takes pardonable pride at having planted many pine trees there, and observed that he frequently walks two and three hours throughout its woods.

Talmadge married Elizabeth Shingler of Ashburn, Georgia, in 1941. They have two sons, Herman Eugene Talmadge, Jr., and Robert Shingler Talmadge, and two grandsons, Herman E. Talmadge III and Tyler Welch Talmadge.

SOMEONE HAS TO CARE!

(Continued from page 44)

Tanya? Is she behaving for you?"

"Yes, of course," Lois answered. As well as could be expected, she thought.

"That's good." Jim sounded re-

lieved. "Mom has to have an operation, so she'll have to be here for awhile. We might have to call on you again, that is, if you don't mind."

"Of course not, Jim. I'll be glad to do it. After all," she added "someone has to care."

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A Visit in Dracula Country

Iron Curtain Serendipity

By Walt Jaffee

AS OUR freighter approached the Black Sea I checked the map of Rumania. Stretching from north-east to southwest across the country were the Transylvania Alps. Immediately they conjured pictures of Dracula, darkly flitting across a gloomy, fog-shrouded courtyard. Imagine my surprise when I found, my first evening ashore in Constanta, narrow cobblestoned streets and several gloomy, fog-shrouded courtyards. Walking briskly from the port up Karl Marx Street until it joined the main street, Tomis, I kept looking over my shoulder. Surely the ill-famed count would pop out of an alley in search of my thick capitalistic blood.

Rumania became a Socialist state in 1964 and only then began considering tourists. It's still unspoiled, quaint, and at the same time trying

to be modern. Rumanian currency is the *bani* and the *leu*. One hundred *bani* equal one *leu*, six *lei* (plural of *leu*) equal one dollar. If you're a tourist the government woos you by giving a rate of eighteen to one. You can change money at any bank.

A black market exists in Constanta whereby you can get twenty-five or thirty to one, but be careful if you try this. My own experience with the black market reads like a bad scene out of a "B" movie. Walking into town my first evening ashore, I was approached by two shady looking characters wearing thin, black mustaches and trench coats. They fell in step with me and after looking dramatically over each shoulder, one of them whispered, "Psst. Change money?"

"All right."

Glancing up and down the street,

he said, "How much?"

"Twenty dollars."

"O.K Fifty to one."

As I nodded in agreement there was a great flurry of money changing hands between the two black marketeers. Then, one of them counted out a thousand *lei*. As soon as he counted the money I recognized what was coming. He was about to pull, what is known in some parts of the world as the "Saigon Shuffle." He'd counted out nine one hundred *lei* notes and twenty fives. The fives were padding. Had I let him, he would have wadded the money into a roll, handed it to me, and taken my twenty. Only later would I discover he'd pulled eight of the one hundred *lei* notes, leaving me only two hundred. Once I made him realize I knew what was going on, he became quite honest.

"OK. Twenty-five to one."

And that's what we finally settled on.

I found it best not to change all your money. The government operates many tourist stores in town which give a twenty per cent discount if you pay with American money. They sell everything from local handicrafts to whiskey and cigarettes. Among the local products are fleece lined, leather and suede coats, leather dresses, furs, embroidery, rugs, tapestry, woodwork, and a special style of black pottery that's been made in the same manner since pre-Roman days. Everything is well-made and the embroidery is especially bright and attractive. Whiskey and cigarettes cost about

fifty per cent of their stateside prices.

NIGHT life in Constanta is varied, long and attractive. Many of the bars and discotheques stay open until five in the morning. One of my favorite restaurants turned out to be at the Continental Hotel, where first class accommodations are five dollars a night. On the street the restaurant entrance is labeled "Crama." This means wine cellar. Downstairs I found the best native restaurant in the city. The walls are hung with wooden and porcelain wine flasks backed with bright squares of small tapestry and embroidery. The tables and chairs are rough hewn and sturdy, making them difficult to throw late in the evening. Once seated I discovered the menu wasn't in English. The few words of Italian and German I could remember helped in translating things. French is almost as commonly understood as these two languages. The food was simple but tasty. The shish-kebab and roasted chicken with garlic sauce turned out to be the best things on the menu. The national dish, mamaliga, is offered at every cafe in the city, but don't order it unless you have a craving for corn meal mush. The local wines are outstanding, if a bit earthy. Murfatlar is the most popular brand and makes the best Pinot Noir and Cabernet Sauvignon, while any brand of white wine is excellent. I became especially fond of the Reislings. The Crama serves the best coffee in the city, and I managed to time my meals so it arrived just as

the entertainment started. First the band, mostly violins, boils your blood with gypsy folk music. Then a troop of native dancers comes on in a great whirlwind of shouting, thigh slapping and foot stomping. Everyone is happy, smiling. The costumes, like everything else native, are gay mixtures of red, white, and black.

Another favorite spot was the Zorelei, the Rising Sun. This is a large discotheque where the younger people of Constanta are found. The music is loud and modern, and because of this, it's a favorite hangout of the seamen in port. I spent hours on end watching drunken sailors, arms on shoulders, dancing in a line, carefully swinging their feet between glasses on the floor.

THE saddest building in Constanta, and the best at which to end an evening, is the Casino. It's located a five-minute walk from the harbor, and sits on a low promontory overlooking the bay. Built by the British during the First World War, it was once used for gambling. From the outside it's huge; the architecture stately and magnificent. It's the kind of place that makes

you think of men in top hats and opera capes, women in furs, and horse-drawn carriages. The inside doesn't live up to the exterior. Gambling is no longer legal and it's inadequately filled with a nightclub, a restaurant, and a small bar. The nightclub has a good floor show which starts at twelve-thirty. When it ends at two, you can dance until the building closes at five.

On other evenings I had seafood at the Pescarul, pastry at the Cafe Tomis. These are good spots for people watching. I found the people cold at first, but this is because Americans are rare and difficult to understand. They aren't used to us. Once you get to know them, the Rumanian people are warm, friendly and curious. They've only been peeping out from behind the Iron Curtain for a few years and want to know what the rest of the world looks like. For ten dollars a day you can rent a car, tour the countryside, and show them.

Dracula never did find me, although I could swear I saw him creeping stealthily through the streets on dark, foggy nights looking. But then maybe that was the wine.

A CHURCH should do more than beautify and dignify the neighborhood; it should personify and verify brotherhood. Its purpose is not to gratify man but to glorify God; not to pacify evil but to typify good; not to verbify ideals but to exemplify love; not to magnify beliefs but to clarify truths; not to deify the status quo but to specify needs; not to satisfy throngs but to identify wrongs; not to crucify sinners but to purify motives; not to vilify unbelievers but to fortify believers; not to mollify the weak but to identify the weakness; not to classify differences but to unify goals; not to simplify its task but to intensify its witness; not to petrify the past but to edify the present.

—Ward's Words

Evaluating

Mystical

Experience

By Pauline French Stacy

THE experiences we currently term "psychic" are becoming increasingly common in the lives of Christians as well as in the lives of individuals who profess no interest in Christianity. For this reason many wonder how to determine which psychic or occult experiences should be considered acceptable to the individual, to his church, or to God himself.

Strange experiences such as the one I recount here have been told many times before; I am sure others, like myself, have suspected that such anecdotes were fabricated to illustrate the power of God to guide us personally in our lives. Like Thomas, however, we cease to doubt

when we have lived the story. Alone in a large city some distance from home, I faced problems that were too big for me to solve. On my knees one evening I prayed in desperation. If only God would lift the burden from me!

Even while I prayed, there was a knock at the door of my apartment. Tears were still in my eyes when I rose to answer. At first I did not recognize the strange young man.

"I've come directly from prayer meeting," he said, then paused, looking a little self-conscious.

Even before he held out the little white card on which I had written my name and address when I visited his church the preceding Sunday, I

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recognized the minister. Sure that he had come in answer to my prayer, I invited him in and told him my problems — equally sure that this man would in some way provide a speedy solution. His air of assurance inspired confidence, but I was disappointed when he spoke, for he offered no magic formula. Instead, he only echoed the lifelong assurance I had found in my mother's Bible when I was a child.

To my surprise, however, my burden did lift in the weeks that followed — enough to make it bearable, at least. I had prayed for something resembling a bed of roses; instead it was more as if a single rose found its way into my bed of thorns. Nevertheless, I endured. I, whose problem was only temporary, became suddenly involved with the much greater problems of a world-renowned institution dedicated to helping a segment of the population which, until recently, society had rejected, because of seemingly hopeless handicaps.

The Unexpected Answer

Yes, God answered my prayer, but instead of freeing me wholly from my own problems, he actually added to my burden of concern by making me aware of the problems of others. You know, we who would build spiritual strength must do so by bracing our spiritual muscles against ever thornier problems.

Some of the details in the experience I have just related constitute what is currently described as "psychic" or "parapsychological" experience. For many years, however,

most people have been content to lump such incidents together as illustrations of answered prayer.

The famed physician William James set the precedent for lumping parapsychology and religion together. After James wrote what is still a classic treatise on psychology in 1890, he placed many experiences which did not fit into that study in a later volume, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*.

The Supernatural in the Bible

The Bible itself contains the oldest and most authoritative literature dealing with the supernatural. As William James illustrates in the many life histories he cites in his book, God offers us in the Scriptures a most reliable guide to the psychically attuned individual — as well as for the Christian who prefers to regard his universe as merely natural. The British minister and educator, J. Stafford Wright, spells this out explicitly in his latest volume, *Christianity and the Occult* — a slender paperback which I heartily recommend as a guide to the Christian who feels that his Christianity may be threatened because he has become psychically oriented.

The Psalmist exclaimed to his Creator "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" *What Is Man?* is the British title of an earlier book by Wright — a book which this author studied as a student in a seminary. Modern man is perhaps more likely to ask what man might become, since psychologists tell us that we use twenty per cent or less of the potential power of our brains. It is

in this unaccounted-for area of his nature that man has become psychically conscious. Because of mass technology, especially during the past century, man has increasingly tended to lose his individuality, most of all when being an individual meant being different. Now, a desire for a fuller experience of life, plus an intensified search for the meaning of life itself cause many an individual to stray into the labyrinth of the occult, whether through drugs or other devices. Some psychic experiences are spontaneous, and are repeatable neither at will by the individual experiencing a given phenomenon nor by another who knows about it and would like to repeat it. Other psychic experiences may easily be brought about at will. What seems to one an innocent party pastime appears to another as a devilish device. Consider an example:

The Ouija Board

The Ouija board, which originated about a century-and-a-half ago in Europe, has been one of America's most popular party games. Expectations concerning this psychic game vary from that of delving into the subconscious minds of the players and/or the collective unconscious reservoir of mankind, to the belief that the players actually communicate with the spirits of the dead. Some, by invoking the Trinity before touching the planchette, or by insisting that all communications serve the Lord, seek to prove the validity of this alleged gift of the spirit. Others insist that the communication demonstrate "the fruit of

the spirit" concept of Galatians 5:22. Regardless of one's belief, the real danger and heresy here lie in seeking to communicate with a spirit rather than praying for the indwelling presence of the Lord's Holy Spirit.

The Ouija board was chosen as an example because, strangely, it has served as a stepping stone toward automatic writing. Although writing with the assistance of spirit guides or dictators is now merely a parlor pastime, this activity has appeared in the works of highly regarded authors, such as Boehme, Blake, Goethe and Victor Hugo. Perhaps the strangest fact of all is that "automatic" writing is considered the rarest of the phenomena related to Christian mysticism by no less an authority than Evelyn Underhill. Mystics who have experienced this supernatural activity rank among the outstanding Christians, many of whom have over the centuries been proclaimed saints by the Roman Catholic Church. Many, too, have been Protestant leaders.

The poet William Blake expresses the experience most characteristically and succinctly by saying that when he worked he was directed day and night by messengers from Heaven. On his deathbed Blake asserted that the credit for his work belonged to his heavenly helpers.

In addition to the Ouija board, there are many other devices. Such dissimilar means as the use of drugs to induce unpredictable personal insight, or of Tarot cards, crystal balls, etc., to provide an inner perception may merely dredge the contents of

the subconscious mind. On the other hand, the Bible tells us that very real invisible powers other than God and his messengers exist. It is possible that some seekers find their answers from them.

Make the Supernatural Natural?

Historically, many attempts have been made to reduce all that is supernatural to natural proportions. Floyd Hamilton dealt with some of these efforts in his book *The Basis of Christian Faith*. If we limit the natural to what may be perceived by the five senses, God himself becomes the greatest instance of the "supernatural." The Bible becomes the greatest study of the "supernatural" in existence. In this connection, a study of succeeding translations of the Bible reveals a tendency to eliminate mention of angels. Some denominations hold that angels ceased their activity at the closing of the Biblical canon. Recently, while reading an anti-occult booklet issued by one denomination, I was surprised to find that although that particular group admits the present-day service of angels to man, it considers all gifts of the spirit which might even remotely be related to anything psychic as the work of demons.

Isn't it about time we faced the fact that the natural and the supernatural are, like light rays, parts of the same spectrum? A diffraction grating breaks down rays of the sun into a spectrum from which the colors fade off at both ends. The visible fades into the invisible, but devices more sophisticated than the diffraction grating reveal the reality

and the continuity of the invisible portion of the spectrum. Similarly, while we Christians cannot see God, our senses perceive evidence of his existence. Beyond that visible portion of reality, his answers to our prayers prove his interest in our lives and his continuing power to help us. Here, surely, is the greatest psychic experience in the life of any human being.

Prayer Is Powerful

The power of prayer has been proved in scientific experiments which may be repeated by any Christian. For example, the Rev. Dr. Frank Laubach, best known for his famed world literacy crusade, entitles one of his volumes *Prayer, the Mightiest Force in the World*. Educators Dr. William R. Parker and Elaine St. Johns describe a series of such experiments in *Prayer Can Change Your Life*. Our local elementary school science fair annually exhibits experiments which demonstrate how the human being influences plant growth. Many adults have long carried on similar experiments following the instructions of Rev. Franklin Loehr in his book *The Power of Prayer on Plants*. A scientist, Loehr has continued the work with plants which Dr. J. B. Rhine had been doing before becoming engrossed in his now famous work in parapsychology.

In his book *Christianity and the Occult*, Wright deals most explicitly with the various forms of the psychic and the occult which may confront the Christian today. His frankness in dealing with source material

and with their purposes is the most gratifying treatment of the subject I have found. His advice concerning the psychic gift is most pertinent:

" . . . Obviously the proper thing is to pray that, if the 'gift' is not according to the will of God, He will take it away. If then it persists, we take it that He will use it if it is put into His hands." (p. 149)

Yes, prayer is the answer. When

we learn to pray as naturally as we breathe, we will likewise learn to accept the results as naturally as we accept the miracle of our heartbeat or the mystery of the human mind. When God stoops down to touch us personally, or sends help through our fellow human beings, the experience should be regarded not as supernatural or psychic, but as the most natural part of our lives.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: 1 Sam. 28:5 ff; Mk. 16:17; Acts 2:4 ff; 1 Cor. 14; 1 John 4:1-3.

1. Have you had any contact with the religious charismatics of our day? Tell about it.
2. What mention is there in the Bible of mediums, seers, etc.
3. How do you account for the great interest nowadays in Eastern religions, the occult, gurus, etc.? How do these differ from Christianity?
4. Do you think that psychology can explain the movings of God's Spirit?

Some Books on Psychic Religious Experience

Hamilton, Floyd E. *The Basis of Christian Faith*. New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1946.

James, William. *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. New York: The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 1958. (Originally the Clifford Lectures on Natural Religion delivered at Edinburgh in 1901-1902).

Laubach, Frank C. *Prayer, The Mightiest Force in the World*. Westwood, New Jersey: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1959.

Loehr, Franklin. *The Power of Prayer on Plants*. New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959.

Parker, William R. and Elaine St. Johns. *Prayer Can Change Your Life*. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1957.

Underhill, Evelyn. *Mysticism*. New York: The World Publishing Company, 1955.

Wright, J. Stafford. *Christianity and the Occult*. Chicago: Moody Press, 1972.



Chaplain, Col. Dean C. Hofstad, Minot AFB, pins a 91st Strategic Missile Wing (SAC) patch on the stole of Mr. Roy E. Hicks to make him an honorary member of Minot AFB. Mr. Hicks directs the 70-voice Tuskegee Choir which presented a concert at Minot on 22 March. Sponsored by Chaplain, Col. Ashley D. Jameson, SAC Chaplain, the choir has sung at Loring, Wurtsmith, Kincheloe, K. I. Sawyer, Grand Forks, and Malmstrom Air Force Bases.



(Above) Pvt Carlos Arturet poses with his father, Chaplain (Cpt) Antonio Arturet at the 2nd BCT Brigade chapel, Ft. Jackson, S.C. where he serves as a chaplain's assistant under the Station of Choice program. The young man says that working with his father has both advantages and disadvantages.

(Below) Students from many nations learn together on the campus of International Christian University in Japan.



News in Pictures

Ramstein AFB Has Therapy Center for Young

Military Dependents

Ramstein AFB, Germany: Teenagers with drug, alcohol, or other serious problems can now receive in-patient therapy and medical care at a new center near Ramstein called Bird's Nest. Ten boys, aged fifteen to eighteen, can be accommodated on a full-time basis.

"A need has long existed for an extension of therapy for young military dependents overseas," stated Chaplain, Lt Col, Charles Caudill, Ramstein Chaplain, "and now we have a place to send troubled youths who need to be separated from their families for a short period of time."

Bird's Nest began to function in April with financial backing from



Ch (LTC) Charles Caudill talks with a young patient in the Bird's Nest.

the largely American, off base Faith Baptist Church of Einsiedlerhof. The congregation supplied funds for a building — a former Gasthaus or restaurant, and the salary of the full-time, live-in director, John Herring

Funds for beds and other equipment came from wives' clubs and other organizations. Formerly, the lack of a facility for long-term treatment of a disturbed child meant the possible return of a family to the States.

(Below) Dr. Clyde M. Narramore, noted Christian psychologist and president of the Rosemead Graduate School of Psychology, Rosemead, Ca., with PMOC officers at the USMA, West Point, N.Y. Dr. Narramore recently conducted a Couples' Marital Enrichment Seminar at the academy.





(Above) Bob Turnbull, the Chaplain of Waikiki Beach, poses with Jack Lord, the star of "Hawaii 5-0." Turnbull played the part of a Roman Catholic priest in a segment of the popular TV show which was aired early in 1973. He has ministered on Waikiki Beach for nearly five years.

RAD Francis L. Garrett, Chief of Chaplains, USN, welcomes Vietnamese peers to Washington. Posing with Chaplain Garrett are (l) Msgr. Thinh and (r) Pastor Ky. The two were recently on a tour of U.S. military bases.



Spin These!

By Wilson Breaker, Jr.



Lev Aronson. Word Records, Waco, Texas. Stereo, WST-8528-LP: Back — *Adagio and Allegro from Sonata No. 2 in D Major*; Handel — “*Ombra Mai Fu*” from *Xerxes*; Vivaldi — *Sonata for Cello, Op. 14, No. 5 in E Minor*; Bloch — “*Prayer*” from *Jewish Life*; Bach — *Pastorale*, “*Es Ist Vollbracht*” from *The Passion According to St. John*; and Couperin — *Pieces En Concert*. Personnel: Lev Aronson — cello; Roger L. Keyes — piano; Joyce Jones — organ; and strings (un-identified).

Want to hear an album which is not all-out gospel, but is refreshing, relaxing, lyrical, pleasurable, colorful and expressive music? Then get Lev Aronson's album of Bach, Handel, Vivaldi, Bloch and Couperin selections. Personally, I have found this album rewarding as background music at the evening meal. Perhaps you might like to try it with your family and see how pleasurable this experience can be.

Sunday A. M.: The Ralph Carmichael Chorale. Light Records, Waco, Texas. Stereo, LS-5599-LP: *Trust in the Word of the Lord*; *Bless the Lord, O My Soul*; *Let Us Sing to the Lord*; *I Lift Up My Soul*; *I Love My God*; *Wake, Sons of Earth, Awake!*; *His Steadfast Love Endures Forever*; *Psalms 100*; *Sing of Him*; and *My Son Forget Not My Law*.

The Ralph Carmichael Chorale renders new *a cappella* anthems with some pipe organ accompaniment on a few selections. *Bless the Lord, O My Soul* is indisputably outstanding. It begins with pianissimo dynamics and choppy pipe organ sounds that are quite appropriate for this song, unison female and male voicings, and harmonies which employ sevenths and ninths. Musical directors will want to order **Sunday A. M. Music Book (#37562)** for all their choir members. All of these anthems would contribute new life to any Sunday morning service.

Readers are invited to correspond with Mr. Breaker about religious recordings. Please address him c/o The LINK, 122 Md. Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002 (Ed.)

Worth Repeating

(Being material lifted mostly from QUOTE or SUNSHINE magazines.)

Nobody who can read is ever successful at cleaning out the attic.

When the roll is called up yonder — it'll take a long time just to get through all the Smiths.

. . . The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom. —H.W. Beecher.

Committing a great truth to memory is admirable; committing it to life is wisdom.

A journalist owes nothing to those who govern his country. He owes everything to his country. — Vermont Royster, *Journalism Q'tly*, Autumn '71.

These days are difficult days for automobile manufacturers: they're thinking up ways to make their products safer and new names to make them sound more dangerous.

The woman who henpecks her husband is likely to find him listening to another chicken.

Just about the only professional still making night calls is the burglar. —*Good Reading*.

Middle age is when you tell your teen-age son to get a haircut and he says he just did.

The miser who tries to hide his money in the mattress of his waterbed is likely to liquidate his assets!

When all the cars in the city are laid out end to end, we know another weekend is here.

Books Are Friendly Things

Religion and Society in England 1790-1850 by W. R. Ward, Shocken Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y., 1972. 292 pp., with 38 pp. of references (valuable), and 9 pp. of index. Cloth.

The book is fascinating to one who is especially interested in history because here is a review of the most rapid changes to have occurred in the modern history of English religion in the two generations between 1790 and 1850. It becomes increasingly evident as one reads that the Church of England lost much ground to aggressive dissent — Methodism and Catholicism.

That the "working class" developed what was characterized by "abstention" from formal kinds of religious practice was no secret, yet at the same time gave great heed to less formal kinds of religious adherence, such as the work of the Sunday school which became immensely popular.

We learn that the churches' understanding of their role altered rapidly, theological fashions changed, and a degree of denominational hostility was engendered which contemporary ecumenists sought to overcome rather than analyze.

Throughout the book Dr. Ward attempts to describe the crisis of the old order and the defeat of the establishment, and then goes on to analyze the "New Dissent" and the "insufficiency of reform."

There is little doubt in my mind that the book will be a valuable source of material, an indispensable work of reference for students of modern history.

—Richard E. Owens

Trying to Be a Christian by W. Norman Pittinger, Pilgrim Press, Philadelphia, PA, 1972. 125 pp. \$4.95, cloth.

This is Pittinger's fifty-fourth book and it aims at the thoughtful layman. The focus is on Christian living and a number of complex, recent issues are presented in a simple, helpful format. The author is an excellent go-between for the field of theology and the seeking believer.

I suggest you read it and keep it handy as a perceptive guide for Christian thought and life in 1973.

—William J. Hughes

The Link Calendar

There are five Sundays this Month.

Sept. 1-30 American Youth Month.

Sept. 1-

Dec. 31 Boy Scouts of America Fall Roundup.

Sept. 2 TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

Sept. 3 LABOR DAY, A national holiday.

Sept. 5 The First Continental Congress met this day in 1774.

Sept. 8- 9 Old Car Festival, Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan.

Sept. 9 THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

Sept. 9-15 Commemoration of the Battle of Britain, 1940.

Sept. 12 Defenders Day, Maryland. Re-enactment of the bombardment of Ft. McHenry which so inspired Francis Scott Key.
Harvest Moon—full moon nearest the autumnal equinox.

Sept. 14-23 Eastern States Exposition, W. Springfield, Mass.

Sept. 16-22 Constitution Week, by Presidential proclamation.

Sept. 16 FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

Sept. 16-

Oct. 6 Oktoberfest, Munich, Germany.

Sept. 17 Citizenship Day, by Presidential proclamation.

Sept. 18-23 Pentecostal World Conference, Seoul, Korea.

Sept. 21-25 American Newspaper Anniversary Week.

Sept. 22 Autumn begins.

Sept. 23 FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

Sept. 24 Schwenkenfelder Thanksgiving. In 1734 members of the Schwenkenfelder Society gave thanks for deliverance from Old World persecution.

Sept. 27 ROSH HASHANAH, or Jewish New Year. Hebrew date, Tishri 1, 5734.

Sept. 28 American Indian Day.

Sept. 29 Michaelmas, the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, in the Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Anglican Churches.

Sept. 30 SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

A FAMOUS big-league umpire has remarked that he could never understand how crowds in the grandstand, hundreds of feet from the plate, could see better and judge more accurately than he can, when he is only six feet away. In life, too, we call strikes on a person when we are too far away to understand. Perhaps, if we had a closeup view of the man and his problems, we would reverse our decisions. Long-distance criticism is unfair.

—Grit

Prayers At Summer's End

AS OUR HOLIDAYS end and we resume our duties, Lord, do thou return also to strengthen and guide us. Grant that our summer refreshment may restore our perspective, replenish our enthusiasm, and make us fitter instruments for thy service. Amen.—E.I. Swanson

LORD, as we go to our work this day, help us to take pleasure in it. Show us clearly what our duty is, help us to be faithful in doing it. May all we do be well done, fit for thine eye to see. Give us enthusiasm to attempt, patience to perform. When we cannot love our work, may we think of it as thy task, and make what is unlovely beautiful through loving service; for thy name's sake. Amen.

—George Dawson, 1821-1876

ALMIGHTY GOD, we beseech thee, with thy gracious favor to behold our universities, colleges, and schools, that knowledge may be increased among us, and all good learning flourish and abound. Bless all who teach and all who learn; and grant that in humility of heart they may ever look unto thee, who art the fountain of all wisdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—The Book of Common Prayer

O GOD, at whose word man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening; Be merciful to all whose duties are difficult or burdensome, and comfort them concerning their toil. Shield from bodily accident and harm the workmen at their work. Protect the efforts of sober and honest industry, and suffer not the hire of the laborers to be kept back by fraud. Incline the heart of employers and of those whom they employ to mutual forbearance, fairness, and good-will. Give the spirit of governance and of a sound mind to all in places of authority. Bless all those who labor in works of mercy or in schools of good learning. Care for all aged persons, and all little children, the sick and the afflicted, and those who travel by land, sea, or air. Remember all who by reason of weakness are overtasked, or because of poverty are forgotten. Hear our prayer, O Father, for the love of thy dear Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

—The Book of Common Prayer (adapted)

At Ease!

"Waiter, this steak is tough as a mule! Are you sure you're not serving a jackass?"

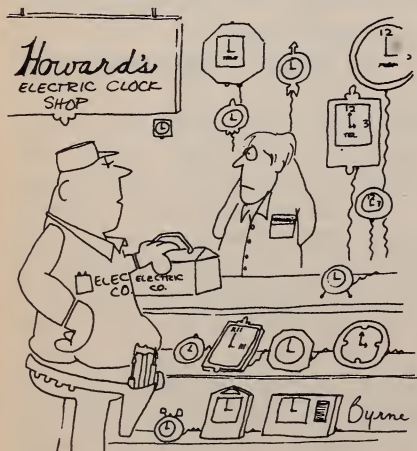
"We're not allowed to express opinions about the customers, sir."

— Shelby Friedman, *Quote*, 1-30-72.

A little girl was watching every move her mother made as she prepared the roast for their Sunday dinner. When she saw her jab a thermometer into it, she asked: "What's that?"

When told it was a thermometer, she asked worriedly, "Is the meat sick?"

— *Quote*, 1-2-72.



"... And at what time did the power failure occur?"

Little Johnny had swallowed a dime and his mother ran screaming to the street for help. A stranger passing by and hearing the mother's story ran into the house, seized the child by the heels, gave him a few shakes, and the coin rolled out onto the floor.

The grateful mother thanked the stranger. "You certainly knew what to do. Are you a doctor?" she asked.

"No, madam," he replied. "I work for the Internal Revenue Dep't."

— *Quote*, 1-23-72.

Typo from *Cape May County, N.J. Herald*: The donation will be used to purchase new wenchers for the hospital, as the old ones are in a dilapidated state.

— *Quote*, 1-23-72.

Wife, reading husband's fortune card to him: "You are a leader of men. You are brave, handsome, strong, and popular with the ladies." She paused. "It has your weight wrong, too."

— *Quote*, 1-23-72.

While viewing the remains of prehistoric animals at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, my four-year-old daughter whispered to her three-year-old brother that they were looking at "Dinah Shore's Bones."

— Mrs. Joseph Conner, *Grit*, 12-26-71; *Quote*, 1-23-72.

A slip on the supper menu in the cafeteria of the House of Representatives in Washington listed "dreaded veal cutlet" as the special of the evening.

— *Grit*





